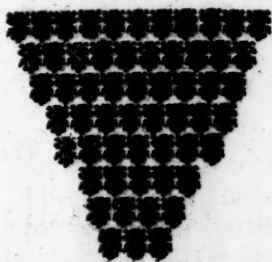


A
T R I P
TO
NEW-ENGLAND.
WITH A
CHARACTER
OF THE
Country and People,
BOTH
English and Indians.



LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1699.

NEW-ENGLAND.

CHARACTER

Country and People,

and Manners.



LONDON: Printed in the Year 1793.

A
T R I P
T O
New-England, &c.

BISHOPS, Bailiffs, and Bastards, were the three Terrible Persecutions which chiefly drove our unhappy Brethren to seek their Fortunes in our Forreign Colonies. One of these Bug-bears, I confess, frighted me from the Blessings of my own dear Native Country; and forc'd me to the Fatigue of a long Voyage, to escape a Scouring.

But whether *Zeal*, *Debt*, or the sweet Sin of *Procreation*, begot in my Conscience those Fears, which hurried me a great many Leages beyond my *Senses*, I am as unwilling to declare to the World, as a *Romish* Damsel that has lost her *Maiden-head*, is to confess her Frailty to the Priest.

For many Years my *Mind* sat as Easie in my *Breast*, as an *Alderman* in an *Elbow-Chair*, till the Devil envying my Felicity, flung so many *Crosses* and *Losses* in my way, that every Step I took in my Occupation, I was timorous of Tumbling.

I thought it then high time to seek for Balm, but finding none in *Gilead*, I was mov'd by the Spirit of Necessity, to forsake Ungodly *London*, for Religious *Boston* in *New-England*; hoping to *Purifie* my self by the way in an *Ocean* of *Brine*, That when I got thither, I might find my *Condition*, as well as my *Conscience*, in a tollerable *Pickle*, fitted for the Conversation of the *Saints* in so *Holy a Land*.

I pack'd up my Auls in order for my Voyage; and Embarked the Ship the *Prudent Sarah*, at *Gravesend*, who was weighing Anchor, with a fair Wind for the *Downs*, That I had no leasure to step back to *London* to satisfy my *Creditors*; but, like a Girl that's *Ravish'd*, was forc'd, with a very good will, to do that which I intended.

To entertain this Merry Town, with an exact *Journal* in *Tarpaulin Arabick*, is like reading the *Revelations* to an establish'd *Atheist*, or repeating a *Welsh Commedy* to a *Highlander*. I shall therefore omit all such accustomary Fustian, and divert you with some Thoughts of my own in the time of my Passage.

When I first came on Board, I fancy'd a *Ship* to be like a *Country Village* with two or three *May-poles* in't; and the Fellows running about Deck

Deck in Red and White-waistcoats, to be the Young Men of the Town engaged in a match at *Foot-ball*.

Sometimes I consider'd them as a *Pack of Hounds*, and the *Pilot* to be the *Hunts-man*: For, like Dogs upon a Scent, they keep a heavy *Telping* at their Business; but in every interval, were as silent as a *Beagle* at a *Loss*.

At other times, I have fancy'd a Ship to be a floating *Hive*, instead of *Bees*, posses'd by *Drones*, who make more *T---d* than *Honey*.

A Vessel, whilst the *Pilot* is on Board, is an Emblem of Feeble *Monarchy*; where the *King* has a States-man in his Dominions Greater than himself, That the *Prince* only bears the *Title*, but the other the *Command*.

A Man on Board cannot but be thoughtful on two Destinies, *viz.* Hanging and Drowning: For withinside you have *Rope*, and without *Water* enough to effect either. So that it often put me in mind of the old Proverb, *The Sea and the Gallows refuses none*.

A Commander when at Sea, is a Marine Deity; his *Will* is his *Law*, and the Power of Punishing solely in his own hands. He has a Wooden World at his Mercy, wherein there is no way to be Happy, but by due Obedience: For he that knoweth his Masters Will, and doth it not, shall be beaten with many Stripes.

When out at Sea, I thought the World was Drown'd, because no Land was to be seen. The *Captain* and his *Mess*, I compar'd to *Noah* and his *Family*; but as for the rest, they were the *Beasts* of the *Ark*.

We were very good *Christians* when we'd nothing else to do: All Hands in a *Calme* to *Pray* or *Pick Okum*; but to work in a *Storm*, serve God serve Devil.

Brandy and *Tobacco* are the Soul of a *Seaman*; he that wants either, is but half himself; and he that has neither, wants every thing that's needful; and must, in his own defence, turn *Thief* or *Beggar*.

Mariners, like *Parsons*, are much given to look Upwards; but never consult Heaven beyond the *Pole*, or the *Pointers*. At Sea they are a kind of *Persians*, trusting to the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars* for Bodily Salvation.

They seldom take notice but of one Miracle since *Adam*, and that is of *Noah's* guiding the *Ark* to a safe Harbour, without the help of a *Sail*, or the use of a *Rudder*: Which (forgetting Providence) they urge to be Impossible.

A foul Wind makes scanty Messes; for it's a cheerful saying among Seamen, *Large Wind, Large Allowance*: *Starving* and *Drowning* being to them equally terrible.

Facetious Ignorance is an excellent Talent to win the Captains Favour. Reason at Sea, without the Rules of Navigation, is as dangerous to be talk'd as Treason: For nothing galls the Ambition of a Commander more, Than to hear any Body on Board seem Wiser than himself.

They generally bestow their Favours, as Fortune does her Benefits, as if both their Heads were in a Bag; and for want of *Sense* or *Sight*, choose *Dunces* for their Minions, and *Fools* for their Companions: Dreading *Ingenuity*, and flighting *Merit*. Being positive in Errors, hateful to *Instruction*, proud of their *Ignorance*, and *Wise* in their own conceits.

A Violent Storm at Sea, to me, seem'd the Minute resemblance of a general *Conflagration*: When jarring Elements for Power contended; and angry Heavens belch'd out flakes of its consuming Fire on the reflecting Ocean; follow'd with dreadful Claps of rending Thunder, rattling from Cloud to Cloud, thro' Rains and Hurricanes, till the Conquering Wind

Wind had blown his Sable Enemies beneath our Horizon, and clear'd the Skies of his affrightening Rivals.

A Calm to me was an Effeminate acquiescence of the Elements; and unpleasant to a manly disposition: The World look'd as if Nature was a Sleep; and, careless of her charge, had suffer'd (thro' Neglect) the whole Universe to be Idle: I could compare our Ship to nothing in so smooth a Sea, but to an Egg upon a Looking-glass; or Idleness at Sea is the worst of Slavery; and he that has nothing to do, is Buried Alive in a Cabin instead of a Coffin.

With these sort of Cogitations I pass'd away my Time, being toss'd about by the Waves like a Dog in a Blanket, till we got Sight of the Promis'd Land, and Arriv'd at our desired Port, Boston. Of which I shall first proceed to give you an Account, free from Prejudice or Partiality.

Of Boston, and the Inhabitants.

On the South-west side of Massachusetts-Bay, is Boston; whose Name is taken from a Town in Lincoln-shire: And is the Metropolis of all New-England. The Houses in some parts joyn as in London. The Buildings, like their Women, being Neat and Handsome. And their Streets, like the Hearts of the Male Inhabitants, are Paved with Pebble.

In the Chief, or high Street, there are stately Edifices, some of which have cost the owners two or three Thousand Pounds the raising; which, I think, plainly proves Two old Adages true, viz. That a Fool and his Money is soon parted; and, see a Beggar on Horse-back he'll Ride to the Devil; for the Fathers of these Men were Tinkers and Peddlers.

To the Glory of Religion, and the Credit of the Town, there are four Churches, Built with Clap-boards and Shingles, after the Fashion of our Meeting-houses; which are supply'd by four Ministers, to whom some, very justly, have apply'd these Epithites, one a Scholar, the Second a Gentleman, the Third a Duncie, and the Fourth a Clown.

Their Churches are Independent, every Congregation, or Assembly, in Ecclesiastical Affairs, being distinctly Govern'd by their own Elders and Deacons, who in their Turns set the Psalmes; and the former are as busie on Sundays, to excite the People to a Liberal Contribution, as our Church-Wardens at Easter and Christmas, are with their Dishes, to make a Collection for the Poor.

Every Stranger is unavoidably forc'd to take this Notice, That in Boston, there are more Religious Zealots than Honest-men, more Parsons than Churches, and more Churches than Parishes: For the Town, unlike the People, is subject to no Division.

The Inhabitants seem very Religious, showing many outward and visible Signs of an inward and Spiritual Grace: But tho' they wear in their Faces the Innocence of Doves, you will find them in their Dealings, as Subtle as Serpents. Interest is their Faith; Money their God, and Large Possessions the only Heaven they covet.

Election, Commencement, and Training-days, are their only Holy-days; they keep no Saints-Days, nor will they allow the Apostles to be Saints, yet they assume that Sacred Dignity to themselves; and say, in the Title Page of their Psalm-Book, Printed for the Edification of the Saints in Old and New-England.

They have been very severe against *Adultery*, which they Punish'd with Death; yet, notwithstanding the Harshness of their Law, the Women are of such noble Souls, and undaunted Resolutions, that they will run the hazard of being Hang'd, rather than not be reveng'd on Matrimony, or forbear to discover the Corruption of their own Natures.

If you Kiss a Woman in Publick, tho' offer'd as a Curteous Salutation, if any Information is given to the *Select Members*, both shall be Whip'd or Fin'd. It's an excellent Law to make *Lovers* in Privat make much of their time, since open *Lip-Lockery* is so dearly purchas'd. But the good humor'd Lasses, to make you amends, will Kiss the kinder in a Corner.

Publick *Kissing*, and single *Fornication* are both of a Price; for which Reason the Women wisely consider, the latter may be done with more safety than the former; and if they chance to be Detected, and are forc'd to pay the Fine, they are sure before-hand of something for their Money.

A Captain of a Ship who had been a long Voyage, happen'd to meet his Wife, and kist her in the Street; for which he was fin'd Ten Shillings, and forc'd to pay the Money. What a Happiness, thought I, do we enjoy in *Old-England*, that can not only Kiss our own Wives, but other Mens too without the danger of such a penalty.

Another Inhabitant of the Town was fin'd Ten Shillings for Kissing his own wife in his Garden; and obstinately refusing to pay the Money, endured Twenty Lashes at the *Gur*: Who, in Revenge of his Punishment, Swore he would never Kiss her again, either in Publick or Private. And at this rate, one of the delightfulest Customs in the World, will in time be quit thrown out of Fashion, to the Old Folks satisfaction, but to the Young ones Lamentation, who love it as well in *New-England*, as we do in the *Old*.

A Man and Woman, were sentenc'd to be Whip'd for the like offence; he being order'd Thirty Lashes, and she Twenty; but he having extorted the Kiss from her, was so Generous to Sollicit the *Select*, that he might have the Fifty, and the Woman to be excus'd; which was consented to accordingly.

Every Tenth Man is chose as one of the *Select*, who have Power, together, to Regulate and Punish all disorders that happen in their several Neighbour-hoods. The Penalty for *Drunkenness*, is whipping or a Crown; *Cursing* or *Swearing*, the same Fine, or to be bor'd thro' the Tongue with a hot Iron: But get your *Select Member* into your Company and Treat him, and you may do either without offence; and be as safe as a Parishoner here in a Tavern in the *Church-Wardens* Company in *Sermon-time*.

A couple of *Deacons* Marching along the Street, espied a Woman in a corner relieving Nature from the uneasiness of a Burthen she could keep no longer, one of them cryed out to rother, pointing to the Stopping object, Brother, Brother, what a Shameful thing, what a Beastly thing is this? I Vow, Brother, this is a thing that ought to be Peep'd into. The other being a more sensible Man, Preches Brother (said he) do thou Peep into't them, for I care not to run such a hazard of my Eye-sight. Besides (said he) this thing's so Deep for our inspection; and therefore we shall only be laugh'd at for meddling with the matter.

They are very busie in detecting one anothers failings; and he is accounted, by their Church Governors, a Meritorious Christian, that betrays his Neighbour to a Whipping-Post.

A good Cudgel apply'd in the Dark, is an excellent Medicine for a *Malignant Spirit*. I knew it once Experienced at *Boston*, with very good success, upon an Old rigged *Precisian*, one of their *Select*, who used to be more then ordinary vigilant in discovering every little Irregularity in the Neighbour-hood; I happening one Night to be pritty Merry with a Friend, opposite to the *Zealoss* dwelling, who got out of his Bed in his Waist-coat and Drawers, to listen at our Window. My Friend having oft been serv'd so, had left unbolted his Cellar *Trap-door*, as a *Pit-fall* for Mr. *Busie-Body*, who stepping upon it, sunk down with an Out-cry like a distressed Mariner in a sinking *Pinace*. My Friend having planted a Cudgel ready, run down Stairs, crying *Thieves*, and belabour'd Old *Troublesome* very severely before he would know him. He crying out *I am your Neighbour. You Lye, you Lye, you Rogue*, says my Friend, *my Neighbours are Honest Men, you are some Thief come to Rob my House*. By this time I went down with a Candle, my Friend seeming wonderfully surpriz'd to see 'twas his Neighbour, and one of the *Select* too, put on a Counterfeir Countenance, and heartily beg'd his Pardon. Away troop'd the Old *Fox*, Grumbling and Shrugging up his Shoulders; and became afterwards the most Moderate Man in Authority in the whole Town of *Boston*.

*A little Pains sometimes do good
To such Cross Knotty Sticks of Wood.
Correction is the best Receipt,
To set a Crooked Temper Sireight.
If such Old Stubborn Boughs can Bend,
And from a just Chastisement mend,
Fond Parents pray assign a Reason,
Why Youth should want it in due Season?*

The Women here, are not at all inferiour in Beauty to the Ladies of *London*, having rather the Advantage of a better Complexion; but as for the Men, they are generally *Meagre*; and have got the *Hypocritical* knack, like our *English Jews*, of screwing their Faces, into such *Puritani-cal* postures that you would think they were always Praying to themselves, or running melancholy Mad about some Mystery in the *Revelations*: So that 'tis rare to see a handsome Man in the Country, for they have all one Cast, but of what Tribe I know not.

A Woman that has lost her Reputation, hath lost her Portion; her *Virgini-ty* is all her Treasure: And yet the Merry Lasses esteem it but a Trifle, for they had rather, by far, loose that then their *Teeming-time*.

The Gravity and Piety of their looks, are of great Service to these *Ameri-can* Christians: It makes strangers that come amongst them, give Credit to their Words. And it is a Proverb with those that know them, *Who-soever believes a New-England Saint, shall be sure to be Cheated: And he that knows how to deal with their Traders, may Deal with the Devil and fear no Craft*.

I was mightily pleas'd one Morning with a Contention between two Boys at a Pump in *Boston*, about who should draw their Water first. One Jostled the other from the Handle, and he would fill his Bucket first, because his Master said *Prayers* and sung *Psalm* twice a Day in his Family, and the others Master did not. To which the Witty Knave made this reply,

reply, *Our House stands backward in a Court; if my Master had a Room next the Street, as your Master has, he'd Pray twice to your Masters once, that he wou'd; and therefore I'll fill my Pail first, Marry will I; and did accordingly.*

Some Years Ago, when the Factors at Boston were Credited with large Stocks by our *English* Merchants, and being backward in their Returns, and more in their Books than they were willing to satisfy, contriv'd this Stratagem to out-wit their Correspondents. As 'tis said, They set Fire to their Ware-houses, after the disposal of their Goods, and Burnt them down to the Ground, pretending in their Letters, they were all undone, their Cargos and Books all destroy'd; and so at once Ballanc'd their Accounts with *England*.

One of their Factors, who had three or four Thousand Pounds worth of an *English* Merchants Goods in his Hands, sends him an Account of this Lamentable Mischance, to the purpose he was quite Ruin'd, and had lost all but a small Cheese of four Pound Weight, which he sent him for a present. The Merchant having had some Intelligence of the Roguery of his Factor, invites several Eminent Merchants (that dealt to *New-England*) to Dinner with him, who came accordingly, he having prepar'd an Extraordinary Feast to entertain them. They mightily condol'd his great Loss, (he making slight of it) and blam'd him for the Extravagancy of his Treat, after he had sustain'd so considerable a Misfortune. Ah! Gentlemen, says he, *this is nothing to what I have provided you: I have one Dish still to come up, which cost me between three and four Thousand Pounds; and, notwithstanding its costliness, I think it not Good enough for such worthy Company.* The Gentlemen look'd one upon another, and thought he was Frenzical. In the interim, up came his *New-England* Present, under a cover. *That's the Dish,* says the Master of the Feast, *that stood me in so many Thousands.* 'Tis but a small Morsel, considering the Price. The Company all wondering of what delicates the Cook must have compos'd this Extravagant Kickshaw, lifted up the Cover, and finding nothing but a Cheese, laugh'd as heartily at their Disappointment, as the Mob in the Fable at the Mountain-mouse. Then he continued their Mirth by unfolding the Riddle: And Swore, if ever he trusted a *New-England* Saint again for three Pence, the Devil shou'd have a Title to him and his Heirs for half the Money.

The Ground upon which Boston (the Metropolis of *New-England*) stands, was purchas'd from the Natives, by the first *English* Proprietors, for a Bushel of *Wampum-peag* and a Bottle of Rum, being of an inconsiderable Value. Therefore the Converted Indians, (who have the use of the Scriptures) cannot blame *Esau* for selling his Birth-right for a mess of Porrage.

The Latitude of Boston is accounted 42 deg. 30 Min. North. Its Longitude 31 5 deg. And is very commodiously Seated upon a Bay, large enough for the Anchorage of 500 Sail of Ships.

Of the Country in General.

New-England is computed to begin at 40, and end at 46 North Latitude; Running from *De-la-Ware-Bay* to *New-found-Land*. The Country is for the most part Wilderness, being generally Rocky, Woody and Mountainous, very rarely Beautified with Valleys, but those Large and Rich, wherein

wherein are *Lakes* thirty or forty Miles in compass, from whence their great Rivers have their beginnings, and are chiefly Succour'd.

There are many Plantations by the Sea-side, Situate for the advantage of the *East* and *South* Winds, which coming from Sea produceth warm Weather. The *Nor-west* blowing over Land, causeth extremity of Cold, and very often strikes both *Indian* and *English* Inhabitants with that terrible Distemper, called, the *Plague* in the *Back*.

The Country, by its Climate, is always troubled with an *Ague* and *Fever*; As soon as ever the Cold fit's over, tis attended with a Hot: And the *Natives* themselves, whose Bodys are Habituated to the suddain changes, from one Extream to another, cannot but confels, They *Freeze* in Winter and *Fry* in Summer.

A Ridg of White Mountains run almost thro' the Country, whereon lies a remembrance of the past Winter, in the warmest of their weather, An *Indian* at the sight of the Snow, lodg'd upon the Shoulders of these Hills, will Quake at Midsummer: For they love Cold like a *Cricket*. At the Top there is a large Plain, ten or twelve Leages over, yielding nothing but Moss, where a Man may walk with his Mistress, in the height of his Juvenality, and not entertain one Thought of attempting her *Chastity*, it being fatally Cold, and above the Clouds; and would have been a rare place, for the presumptuous *Babylonians* to have Built their Tower on.

Plymouth Plantation was the first *English* Colony that settled in *New-England*, in the Year 1618. Their Habitations, at their going on Shore, being empty *Hogs-heads*, which they whelm'd over their Heads to defend themselves from the cold Damps and falling Mischiefs of the Night. Each House having but one *Window*, and that's the *Bung-hole*, requiring a *Cooper* instead of a *Carpenter* to keep their Houses in repair. Their *Provision* (till better acquainted with the Country) being only *Pumkin*, which they Cook'd as many several ways, as you may Dress *Venison*: And is continued to this Day as a great dish amongst the *English*. *Pumpkin Porrage* being as much in esteem with *New-England* Saints, as *Jelly Broth* with *Old-England* Sinners.

Ten Years expired, before any other Colonies were Planted; since which time the Possessions of the *English* are so greatly improv'd, That in all their Colonies, they have above a Hundred and Twenty Towns, And is at this Time one of the most Flourishing Plantations belonging to the *English* Empire.

There is a large Mountain, of a Stupendious height, in an Uninhabitable part of the Country, which is call'd the *Shining Mountain*, from an amazing Light appearing on the Top, visible at many Leages distance, but only in the Night.

The *English* have been very curious in examining the Reason of it; and have, in Bodies, with great Pains and Danger, attempted a rational Discovery of this Prodigy to no purpose: For they could not observe any thing upon it to occasion this unusual brightness. It is very terrible to the *Indians*, who are of a blind Opinion that it contains great Riches, and the Devil lives there; and do assert, That when any of them ascend this place, they are met by something in the figure of an Old *Indian*, that commands them to return, or if they proceed further they shall Die, which several have found true, by presuming to climb higher, heedless of the caution.

Of the Native English in General.

The Women (like the Men) are excessive *Smokers*; and have contracted so many ill habits from the *Indians*, that 'tis difficult to find a Woman cleanly enough for a *Cook* to a *Squemiſh Lady*, or a Man neat enough for a *Vallet* to Sir *Courtly Nice*. I am ſure a *Covent-Garden Beau*, or a *Bell-fa* would appear to them much ſtranger *Monſters*, then ever yet were ſeen in *America*.

They *Smoke* in *Bed*, *Smoke* as they *Need* their *Bread*, *Smoke* whiſt they'r *Cooking* their *Vittuals*, *Smoke* at *Prayers*, *Work*, and *Exonoration*, that their Mouths ſtink as bad as the *Bowl* of a *Sailers Pipe*, which he has funk'd in, without *Burning*, a whole *Voyage* to the *Indias*.

Eating, *Drinking*, *Smoking* and *Sleeping*, takes up four parts in five of their *Time*; and you may divide the remainder into *Religious Exerciſe*, *Day Labour*, and *Evacuation*. Four *Meals* a *Day*, and a good *Knap* after *Dinner*, being the *Custom* of the *Country*.

Rum, alias *Kill Devil*, is as much ador'd by the *American Engliſh*, as a dram of *Brandy* is by an old *Billingsgate*. 'Tis held as the *Comforter* of their *Souls*, the *Preserver* of their *Bodys*, the *Remover* of their *Cares*, and *Promoter* of their *Mirth*; and is a *Sovereign Remedy* againſt the *Grumbling* of the *Guts*, a *Kibe-heel*, or a *Wounded Conſcience*, which are three *Epidemical Diſtempers* that afflict the *Country*.

Their *Industry*, as well as their *Honeſty*, deſerves equal *Obſervation*; for it is practicable amongſt them, to go two miles to catch a *Horſe*, and run three Hours after him, to *Ride Half a Mile* to *Work*, or a *Quarter* of a *Mile* to an *Ale-houſe*.

One *Husband-man* in *England*, will do more *Labour* in a *Day*, then a *New-England Planter* will be at the pains to do in a *Week*: For to every *Hour* he ſpends in his *Grounds*, he will be two at an *Ordinary*.

They have wonderful *Appetites*, and will *Eat* like *Plough-men*; tho' very *Lazy*, and *Plough* like *Gentlemen*: It being no rarity there, to ſee a Man *Eat* till he *Sweats*, and *Work* till he *Freezes*.

The Women are very *Fruitful*, which ſhows the Men are *Induſtrious* in *Bed*, tho' *Idle up*. *Children* and *Servants* are there very *Plenty*; but *Honeſt-men* and *Virgins* as ſcarce as in other places.

Proviſions being *Plenty*, their *Marriage-Feaſts* are very *Sumptuous*. They are ſure not to want *Company* to *Celebrate* their *Nuptials*; for its *Customary* in every *Town*, for all the *Inhabitants* to *Dine* at a *Wedding* without *Invitation*: For they value their *Pleaſure* at ſuch a rate, and bear ſuch an affection to *Idleneſs*, that they would run the hazard of *Death* or *Ruin*, rather then let ſlip ſo *Merry* a *Holy-day*.

The Women, like *Early Fruits*, are ſoon *Ripe* and ſoon *Rotten*. A *Girl* there at *Thirteen*, thinks herſelf as well *Qualified* for a *Husband*, as a forward *Miſs* at a *Boarding-School*, does here at *Fifteen* for a *Gallant*.

He that *Marrys* a *New-England Laſs* at *Sixteen*, if ſhe prove a *Snappiſh Gentlewoman*, her *Husband* need not fear ſhe will bite his *Noſe* off; for its ten to one but ſhe hath ſhed her *Teeth*, and has done *Eating* of *Cruiſt*, before ſhe arrives to that *Maturity*.

It is uſual for the Men to be *Grey* at *Thirty*; and look as *Shrivel'd* in the *Face*, as an old *Parchment Indenture* paſted upon a *Barbers Block*.

And

And are such lovers of *Idleness*, That they are desirous of being thought *Old*, to have a better pretence to be *Lazy*.

The Women have done bearing of Children by that time they are Four and Twenty: And she that lives un-Married till she's Twenty Five, may let all the Young Sports-men in the Town give her *Maiden-head* chase without the Danger of a *Timpany*.

Notwithstanding their *Sanctity*, they are very *Prophane* in their common *Dialect*. They can neither drive a *Bargain*, nor make a *Jest*, without a Text of Scripture at the end on't.

An *English* Inhabitant having sold a Bottle of *Rum* to an *Indian* (contrary to the Laws of the Country) was detected in it; and order'd to be Lash'd. The Fellow brib'd the *Whipper* to use him tenderly; but the *Flog-master* resolving (being a Conscientious Man) to do his Duty Honestly, rather punish'd the Offender with the greater severity, who casting a sorrowful look over his Shoulder, Cry'd out, *the Scripture sayeth, Blessed is the Merciful Man. The Scourgeoner replying, and it also says, Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord Negligently*: And for fear of coming under the *Anathema*, laid him on like an unmerciful Dog, till he had given him a thorough Fellow-feeling of his *Cat of Nine-tails*.

Their Lecture-Days are call'd by some amongst them, *Whore Fair*, from the Levity and Wanton Frolicks of the Young People, who when their Devotion's over, have recourse to the *Ordinaries*, where they plentifully wash away the remembrance of their *Old Sins*, and drink down the fear of a *Fine*, or the dread of a *Whipping-post*. Then *Uptails-all* and the *Devils* as busie under the *Petticoat*, as a *Juggler* at a *Fair*, or a *Whore* at a *Carnival*.

Husking of *Indian-Corn*, is as good sport for the Amorous *Wag-tails* in *New-England*, as *Maying* amongst us is for our forward Youths and Wenches. For 'tis observ'd, there are more *Bastards* got in that Season, than in all the Year beside; which Occasions some of the looser *Saints* to call it *Rutting Time*.

Many of the Leading *Puritans* may (without Injustice) be thus Characteris'd. They are *Saints* without *Religion*, *Traders* without *Honesty*, *Christians* without *Charity*, *Magistrates* without *Mercy*, *Subjects* without *Loyalty*, *Neighbours* without *Amity*, *Faithless Friends*, *Implacable Enemies*, and *Rich Men* without *Money*.

They all pretend to be driven over by *Persecution*, which their Teachers Roar out against in their Assemblies, with as much bitterness, as a double refin'd *Protestant* can belch forth against the *Whore* of *Babylon*: Yet have they us'd the *Quakers* with such severity, by *Whipping*, *Hanging*, and other Punishments, forcing them to put to Sea in Vessels without Provision, they flying with Gladness to the Merciless Ocean, as their only Refuge under Heaven, left to escape the *Savage Fury* of their *Unchristian Enemies*, till drove by *Providence* upon *Rhoad-Island* (so call'd from their accidental discovery of it in their Stroling Adventure) which they found full of *Fruits* and *Flowers*, a *Fertile Soil*, and extremely Pleasant, being the Garden of *America*; where they happily Planted themselves, making great improvements: There Live and Flourish, as the *Righteous*, like a *Bay-Tree* under the Noses of their *Enemies*.

The *Clergy*, tho' they Live upon the Bounty of their Hearers, are as ridiculously *Proud*, as their *Communicants* are shamefully *Ignorant*. For tho' they will not suffer their Unmannerly Flock to worship their Crea-

tor with that Reverence and Humility as they ought to do, but tell them 'tis *Popery* to uncover their Heads in the House and Presence of the *Deity*; yet they Oblige every Member to pay an humble respect to the *Parsons Box*, when they make their offerings every Sunday, and sing their *Mites* into their *Teachers Treasury*. So that the Haughty *Prelate* exacts more Homage, as due to his own Transcendency, than he will allow to be paid to Heaven or its place of Worship.

If you are not a Member in full Communion with one of their Assemblies, your Progeny is deny'd *Baptism*, for which reason, there are Hundreds amongst them, at Mans Estate, that were never *Christened*.

All *Handicrafts-Men* may live here very well, except a *Pick-pocket*; of all *Artificers* he would find the least Encouragement; for the scarcity of Money would baulk his Tallent.

An *Eminent Planter* came to me for an Ounce of *Venice-treacle*, which I would have sold him for a Shilling; he protested he had liv'd there Fifty Years, and never see in the whole Term, Ten Pounds in *Silver-Money* of his own; and yet was Rated at a Thousand Pounds, and thought the *Assessors* us'd him kindly. But gave me for my Medicine a Bushel of *Indian-Corn*, vallued at half a Crown, and Vow'd if a Shilling would save his Family from distruction, he knew not how to raise it.

They have a *Charter* for a *Fair* at *Salem*, but it Begins, like *Ingerstone* Market, half an Hour after Eleven a Clock, and Ends half an Hour before Twelve: For I never see any thing in it but by great Accident, and those were *Pumkins*, which were the chief Fruit that supported the *Englisch* at their first settling in these parts. But now they enjoy plenty of good Provisions, *Fish*, *Flesh* and *Fowl*, and are become as great *Epicures*, as ever Din'd at *Pontack's Ordinary*.

Lobsters and *Cod-fish* are held in such disdain, by reason of their Plenty, 'tis as Scandalous for a poor Man in *Boston* to carry one through the streets, as 'tis for an Alderman in the City of *London*, to be seen walking with a Groatworth of *Fresh-Herrings*, from *Billings-gate* to his own House.

There were formerly amongst them (as they themselves Report) abundance of *Witches*, and indeed I know not, but there may be as many now, for the Men look still as if they were *Hag-ridden*; and every Stranger, that comes into the Country, shall find they will Deal by him to this Day, as if the *Devil* were in 'em.

Witchcraft they Punish'd with Death, till they had Hang'd the best People in the Country; and Convicted the *Culprit* upon a single Evidence: So that any prejudic'd person, who bore Malice against a Neighbour, had an easie method of removing their Adversary. But since, upon better consideration, they have Mitigated the severity of that unreasonable Law, there has not been one accused of *Witchcraft*, in the whole Country.

Many are the Bug-bear storys reported of these suppos'd *Negromancers*, but few Believ'd, tho' I presume none True, yet all Collected and already Printed, I shall therefore omit the relating of any.

They have one very wholesome Law, which would do mighty well to be in force in *Old-England*; which is a Peculiar method they have of Punishing *Scolds*. If any Turbulent Woman be Troubled with an unruly Member, and uses it to the Defamation of any Body, or disquiet of her Neighbours, upon Complaint, she is order'd to be Gag'd and set at her own Door as many Hours as the Magistrates shall think fit, there

to

to be gaiz'd at by all Passengers till the time's expired. Which, to me seems the most Equitable Law imaginable to Punish more particularly that Member which committed the Offence.

Whipping is a Punishment so Practicable in this Country, upon every slight Offence, that at a Town upon the Sound, call'd *New-Haven*, the People do confess, that all the Inhabitants of that Place, above the Age of Fourteen, had been Whip'd for some Misdemeanour or other (except two) the *Minister* and the *Justice*.

Of the Beasts.

They have most sort of Four-footed Beasts that we have here, only something different in either Size or Colour, but of the same Species. I shall only mention those which are Natives of that Country, and to us uncommon; for to Treat of Creatures dayly to be seen, or heard of in our own Climate, will afford the Reader but little Satisfaction.

First of the Moos-Deer.

Of all the Creatures that inhabit these parts of *America*, the *Moos-deer* makes the most Noble figure: He is shap'd like an *English* Deer, only round Footed; but of a stately Stature, seldom so low as the biggest of our *Oxen*. His Head fortified with Horns proportionable, whose Palms are very broad, full of indented branches, and are commonly two Fathom distance from Tip to Tip. His Flesh is not dry, like *Venison*, but moist and Lushious; extremely palatable, and very wholesome. The flesh of their *Fawns*, is also delicious Food; highly commended by all such who are more than ordinary Nice in obliging their Voluptuous Appetites. There is much said by the Physicians of that Country concerning the Excellent Virtues of the Horn of this Creature: Being look'd upon as an incomparable Restorative against all inward weakneses; and in all Cases where *Harts-horn* is prescrib'd, the *Moos-horn* they look upon to be a far better Medicine; half the Quantity being more powerful in effect.

Of the Bear.

The *Bears* that Inhabit this part of *America*, are generally of a blackish Colour during the Winter season, which is much colder than in *England*. They defend themselves from the hardship of the weather, by retiring into Caves, where they continue for about four Months; in which time their Snows are pretty well dissolv'd, and the severity of their Frost over. They are commonly very Fat in the fall of the Leaf, by feeding upon Acorns, at which time the *Indians* destroy a great many; looking upon 'em then to be incomparable *Venison*: But the Head, I believe, is but a sorry dish, because they hold the *Brains* to be Venomous. They are very fierce in *Rutting-time*; and then walk the Country round, thirty or forty in a Company, making a hedious roaring, which may be heard a Mile or two before they come near enough to endanger a Traveller. They will never injure a Man at any other time of the Year, except you attempt to hurt them first; But if you Shoot at one, and miss him, he will certainly destroy you; which makes the *Indians* sure of their Mark before ever they discharge their Piece. Their Skins they sell to the *Eng-*

lish, but the Flesh they Cook sundry ways, Salting and Drying some, of which they make extraordinary Bacon, no Hogs-flesh in the world being more pleasant to the Eye, grateful to the Taste, or agreeable to the Appetite.

Of the Raccoon.

It is a Creature about the bigness of a Cat, but of a different *Species*. Its Furr is of a dark colour, and in good esteem, tho' something coarse. He is of an *Owl*ish disposition; and chooses for his *Mansion-house* a *Hollow-Tree*. They are meer Gluttons at *Indian-Corn*; and feed themselves in *Autumn* very fat. Their flesh is dark, like Venison; and accounted good Food Roasted.

Of the Wild-Cat,

Which the *Indians* call the *Ounce*. Tis as tall as an *English* Bull-dog; and as fierce. Their manner of Preying, is to climb a Tree, and drop from the Branches upon the Back of *Horse*, *Cow*, *Deer*, or any Creature that is feeding under it; clinging close with their Tallons, knowing a great hole between the Shoulders of the Beast, who runs full speed till he drops down Dead, and becomes a prey to his subtle Enemy. Their Flesh Roasted, is as good as *Lamb*, and as white.

Of the Porcupine.

This is a very peevish, also a dangerous Creature; being the height of an ordinary *Mungrel*, but in shape like an *Hedge-hog*, arm'd all over with mischievous Darts, as a *Hemp-dressers* Comb with Teeth; which he exercises with as much Art as an old Soldier does his Pike, charging them according as you Attack him, to the Right, Left, Front, or Rear, which they will Shoot at their Enemies a considerable distance; and wherever they Stick in the Flesh, if you pluck them not out presently, they will work thro'. The *Indians* use these Quills to adorn their Birchen Dishes. The Flesh they do not Eat.

Of the Beaver.

This is an Amphibeous Creature, rather larger than an *Otter*, Hairy all over but his Tail, which is Scaly like a Fish; and is of an admirable Instinct, as is observ'd by their artificial Dam-heads, by which, in dry Seasons, they raise the Water to their Houses, when the Pond, upon whose brinks they dwell, is sunk from it's usual Edges. Their Nests or Burrow which they make, are three Stories high, that in case excessive Rains should over-flow their first and second Floor, they may mount into their Garrets, there Sleep in a dry Skin till the Floods abated. They have two pair of Testacles, one soft and Oily; and the other pair hard or solid. The Women dry the latter, and grate them into Wine, to further Generation, remove the causes of Barrenness, prevent Miscarriages, and to strengthen Nature against, and also moderate the Pains of Delivery. They Eat no part of this Creature but the Tail, which they flea and boil, accounting it rare Victuals. It's very Fat, and Eats like Marrow, being an excellent Supper for a *Bride-groom*, or good Food for that unhappy Man who has Marry'd a Wife much Younger than himself: Of their Furr, mix'd with Coney-wooll, they make your *Beaver-hats*. *Of*

Of the Jackall.

These are very numerous in *New-England*. They are the colour of a Grey Rabbit; something less than a Fox, having much the same Scent, but not so strong. This is the Creature reported to hunt the *Lyons* prey, which make some suspect there are *Lyons*, but there never was but one seen as we have any account of; and that was shot by an *Indian*, with Bow and Arrow, Sixty Years ago, as he lay Dormant upon the Body of an Oak, by a *Hurricane* blown up by the Roots. The *Jackall* is sometimes Eaten by the *Indians*.

Wolves there are abundance, of two sorts, one like a *Mungril*, which kills *Goats*, *Sheep*, &c. And the other shap'd like a *Grey-hound*, which preys upon *Deer*. They are very shy and difficult to be Shot or Trap'd. Their manner of destroying them, being by four *Maycril-hooks*, which they bind together, with their Beards revers'd, then hide them with a Ball of Tallow, and tie it to the Carkass of any thing they have just kill'd, from which you have scar'd them, and when he comes to make up his Meale, being a lover of Fat, he certainly takes your Bait, and becomes your Prisoner.

Besides what I have above mentioned, they have a great deal of good Provisions, as *Beef*, *Mutton*, *Kid*, *Swines-Flesh*, &c. Also great Plenty both of *Fish* and *Fowl*; the Particulars being too large to Treat of in so Brief an Account.

Of the Indians, and first of the Men.

They are generally of a comely Stature, grave Disposition, deliberate in their Talk, and courteous in their Carriage, quick of Apprehension, very Ingenious, Subtile, Proud and Lazy.

There is nothing they Value so much as Liberty and Ease. They will not become Servil upon any Terms whatsoever, or abridge their Native Freedom, with either Work or Confinement, to gain the Universe: For they neither covet Riches, or dread Poverty: But all seem Content with their own Conditions, which are in a manner Equal.

For these four *Virtues* they are very Eminent, *viz.* Loyal to their *Kings*, Constant to their *Wives*, Indulgent to their *Children*, and Faithful to their *Trust*.

For nothing will tempt them to offer Violence to their *Sagamore*, to abuse their *Squaws*, use Severity with their *Papooses*, or betray a Secret; rather chusing to die then do either.

They call themselves Hunters; and are very dexterous at the use of either Gun or Bow, by the exercise of which, they maintain themselves and Families.

They acknowledge a God, whom they Worship for his Benefits. They believe a Devil, whom they Adore thro' Fear. And have a Blind Notion of Futurity, which appears by their manner of Interring their Dead, with whom they bury his Bow, Gun, with Provisions for his Journey into a better Country; but where or what it is they know not.

Upon the breaking out of a War, or such extraordinary Occasions, as the old *Romans* consulted their *Oracles*, so do the *Indians* their *Pawaws*, which are a kind of *Wizards*: And at a General *Pawawing*, the Country a Hundred Miles round assemble themselves in a Body; and when they are thus met, they kindle a large Fire, round which the *Pawaw* walks, and beats himself upon his Breast, muttering out a strange sort of intricate Jargon, till he has Elixated himself into so great an Agony, that he falls

falls down by the Fire in a Trance ; during which time, the *Sagamores* ask him what they have a mind to know : After which, he is convey'd thro' the Fire, in the same posture that he lies, by a Power invisible, in the sight of the Spectators ; then awakes, and Answers the several Questions ask'd by their *Kings* or *Sachems*.

The chiefeft Vice amongst them is Drunkenness, which (to the Reputation of *Christianity*) they learn'd of the *English* : And are so greedy of being *Drunk*, when they have purchas'd any *Rum*, that if they have not enough to Fuddle their whole Society, they draw Cuts who shall Drink, till it falls into the hands of so few, they may be sure to have their Bellies full. When they get *Drunk* they are very Mischievous one to another : But are never known to offer any Indignity to their *Kings*, who are Hail Fellow well met with his Subjects.

Their *Garments* are *Mantles*, about the bigness of a *Cradle-Rug*, made of course *English* Cloth, which they call a *Coat*. They also have a piece of the same Cloth, about six Inches wide, between their Legs, tuck'd under a Deer's-Skin Belt, to hide their *Privities*, by them call'd *Breeches*. Adorning themselves with *Beads* of several Colours, of their own making. Their Heads, Breast, Legs and Thighs being bare. Sometimes, for their Children, they Weave Coates of *Turky Feathers*.

Their Houses they call *Wigwams* ; and are built with bended Poles, after the fashion of our Arbours, cover'd with Bark of Trees, and lin'd with Mats they make of Rushes, leaving a hole at top for a Smoke-vent, kindling their Fires in the middle of their *Wigwams*. Their Lodging is upon Hurdles, rais'd from the Ground with Wooden Stumps.

Of their Women.

Their *Squeams* when Young, are generally round Visage'd, well Featur'd, Plump, and Handsome ; black-Eyed, with Alabaster Teeth, a Satin Skin, and of excellent proportion ; with tolerable Complexions, which they injure much with *Red-lead* and *Bears-grease*, being so silly to believe it gives an advantage to their Beauty.

They are extremely *Modest* when *Virgins* ; very *Continent* when *Wives*, *Obedient* to their *Husbands*, and tender *Mothers* to their *Children*. From whom our *English* Ladies might learn those *Virtues*, which would heighthen their *Charms*, and Illustrate their *Perfection* beyond the Advantages of gaudy Dresses.

They are much in the Condition of our first Parents ; having a little more than a *Fig-leaf* to hide their Nakedness : Yet the modesty of their deportment, makes it not look like *Impudence* but *Necessity*.

They carry their Children at their Backs, lac'd to a Board in the form of a *Boot-jack* : which is said to be the reason their Children are never *Rickety*, or shall you ever see a *Bandy-leg'd* or *Crooked Indian*.

Of their Food.

Their Diet is *Fish*, *Fowl*, *Bear*, *Wild-cat*, *Raccoon*, *Deer*, *Oysters*, *Lobsters* roasted or dry'd in Smoke, *Lampres*, *Adogs-tongues* dry'd, which they esteem a dish for a *Sagamore*. With hard Eggs Pulveriz'd, they thicken their Broth ; *Indian-Corn* and *Kidney-Beans* boil'd, *Earth-Nuts*, *Chest-Nuts*, *Lilly-Roots*, *Pumpkins*, *Milions*, and divers sorts of *Berries* ; Cook'd after various manners.

Their Distempers are,

Quinsies, *Pleurisies*, *Sciatica*, *Head-Ach*, *Palsy*, *Dropfie*, *Worms*, *Cancer*, *Pestilent Fever* and *Scoury* ; For all which Diseases, the *Indians* are Incomparable Physicians : Being well skill'd in the Nature of *Herbs* and *Plants* of that Country. But the *English* will not make use of them, because their Ministers have refus'd this Notion into 'em, That what they do, is by the Power of the Devil.

FINIS.

